

DR. KENNEDY'S CLIFTON FRIENDS TELL ALBI.



formance was over, his walk east to Broadway, his ride on the Broadway cable car to the Battery, his trip on the 12-25 boat to Staten Island, and his arrival at his home in New Dorp at 1:30 a. m. Also how he went to bed, rose early, attended to two patients, and came over to his New York office.

During all that night Dr. Kennedy had not one thought of the murder of Dolie Reynolds. He could not name one of the acts on the vaudeville programme he said he had witnessed. He knew nothing about the check bearing his endorsement. He had never been inside the Grand Hotel.

Some Telltale Scraps of Paper.

Then came the long examination of Captain McClusky, chief of detectives. He said:

"I visited the hotel room in which the dead woman was. In a waste basket I found several torn scraps of paper. On the outside of one of the window sills I found other scraps, which, because of the printing on one side, I knew to be from the same original slip."

These scraps, pasted together by Mr. Carvalho, handwriting expert, were shown to Captain McClusky, who identified them fully. The slip, thus restored, is a doctor's prescription blank. On the back of it is written, in the handwriting of the defendant, as the State claims, the words: "Dr. Maxwell and wife, Brooklyn."

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They Say He Reached There at Three o'Clock the Night Dolie Reynolds Was Slain and Hired a Team to Take Him Home.

EVER since Dr. Kennedy made the trip to his home at New Dorp, Staten Island, after leaving Proctor's Theatre, the night that Dolie Reynolds was murdered, the village of Clifton has been the scene of exhaustive inquiry by the keenest officers from the Detective Bureau. What the detectives wished to clear up is the hour and the manner in which Dr. Kennedy reached his home.

It is learned that the officers have found people who say that Dr. Kennedy boarded the ferryboat which left New York at 2:10 o'clock on the morning of August 13, arriving at Clifton about 3 o'clock. The boats did not sail November, during the early hours of morning, but in at Clifton, instead of St. George, for the accommodation of brewers' wagons en route to New York. The gossip which is on every tongue in Clifton is that the dentist went hurriedly to O'Leary's saloon and ordered a drink.

From Clifton to New Dorp is a good four miles, and the gradings and openings of new streets made the trip unpleasant for a pedestrian. Dr. Kennedy, it is assumed, was familiar with such accommodations as were available, for after the trolley stops at midnight Clifton would be the route he would take toward home. Without any hesitancy, so the same sources of information have it, he walked from the saloon across the street to the livery stable of Walter J. Scott. By kicking at the door he roused "Dick" Reburn, the all-night man, who sleeps over the stable, who harnessed a horse to a buggy which conveyed Kennedy to his home.

The detectives had all this to work up, but when they looked at Scott's books there was no memorandum of the fare of the early morning. Reburn stuck to his story that he had not been out of the stable after midnight. His employer assisted in the questioning. Whether he was satisfied with his driver's denial is not known. He would only say last night:

"I will not be dragged into this case. There is no entry on my books and I have to accept the situation."

Those about the stable told others that "Dick" had realized a handsome tip from his fare. Once or twice before, when old John Scott, the founder of the stable, was alive, he had trouble with Reburn, and the latter was not in the employ of the firm at the time of the death of the father of the boys, who subsequently conducted it and installed Dick in his old job.

Whether any of the numerous ones who have helped to spread this recital will have to "go to court" will be known probably to-day.

NO FIRE ESCAPE TO SAVE DR. KENNEDY.

Mrs. Logue Heard No One Outside the Murdered Dolie Reynolds's Room.

Two Walked and Talked.

Prospects for Dr. Kennedy were not brightened by the events of yesterday when his trial on the charge of murdering Dolie Reynolds was resumed. The defence expected that an important witness for the State was to bolster up their theory that some one was heard climbing down the fire escape of the Grand Hotel on the night of the murder. The witness is Mrs. W. S. Logue, of Baltimore, and she came from that city to testify. She is a very attractive woman, of evident refinement and education. She was handsomely dressed in a dark tailor-made suit and wore a veil with black dots. She said:

"I came to New York on the 9th of last August to visit my husband. We stopped at the Grand Hotel. The night of August 15 we occupied room No. 52, on the third floor.

Room 52 was directly under that in which the crime was committed.

"While preparing to retire I wound my watch," she went on, "and noticed that it was then 11:50. About that time I heard the sounds of footsteps overhead. My impression was that two persons were walking about the floor over our room and talking."

"Did you hear anything else?"

"Yes; I heard the sound of a body falling. Then, a few moments later, I heard the sound of another fall."

"After the second fall what did you

POLICE MADE FISH OF FITZSIMMONS AND SHARKEY.

The First Permitted to Give an Artistic Exhibition of Technique in Sparring.

SKARKEY PUNCHED THE BAG

Suave Martin Julian Convinced Capt. Delaney There Was No Boxing in It.

CHAPMAN DEAF TO O'ROURKE.

So the Law Presented Different Aspects to the Patrons of the Theatres When the Pugilistic Stars Appeared

Martin Julian won the heart of a police captain last night, and secured the distinguished actor, Robert Fitzsimmons, from interference in a man-punching dramatic sketch, even after war had been declared against him in Mulberry street.

A like emergency, at another theatre, confronted Thomas O'Rourke, manager of that other dramatic artist, Thomas Sharkey. But O'Rourke falls short of Julian's resourcefulness, and Sharkey had to content himself with punching a leather bag, while his sparring partner took a night off.

It was a coincidence that both stars should open in New York on the same evening. Fitzsimmons appeared at the Third Avenue Theatre with his vaudeville company. Sharkey made his first appearance on any stage at the Star Theatre in a drama called "The Sidewalks of New York."

Chief Devery had told the captains of the respective precincts containing the two theatres that there was to be no boxing, as the buildings had not been licensed for such contests under provisions of the Horton Law.

Sharkey Confined to Bag Punching.

Sharkey had to deal with Captain Chapman, whose austerity is as well known as his whiskers. There was no hesitation, no resort. O'Rourke capitulated after hearing what the captain had to say and disappointed a large audience by announcing that his protegee would not punch Armstrong, the large negro, but would give an exhibition of bag punching lasting fifteen minutes.

"I hope we'll be able to fix this thing by the middle of the week," concluded O'Rourke, "and then Mr. Sharkey will endeavor to give pleasure to all."

Martin Julian had Captain Delaney to deal with, and Captain Delaney was not at all austere. Not that the temperament of the individual captain ought to have had anything to do with for the theatre at Mulberry street were imperative. Delaney appeared at the theatre with a formidable force of ward men and uniformed patrolmen, and it was manifestly his intention to prevent any boxing. But Julian's cajolery was too much for him, and those who heard the dialogue between them say that they will never forget it.

Julian Convinces Captain Delaney.

"What, Cap, this ain't a fight we give here," said Julian.

"I know," said Delaney. "It's a boxing contest. That's what you call it, and that's what the Horton Law calls it, and that's what I've come here to prevent."

"But you're entering the law," replied Julian, with an indignant smile, "and if you'll oblige me by watching the performance you've sanctioned by all that police force, I'll give you a real and genuine exhibition of the various fine points in sparring."

"But it's a three-round 'go,'" objected Captain Delaney, looking at his programme.

"Certainly," said Julian, "that is to give Mr. Fitzsimmons an opportunity to differentiate the various branches of technique in the art of self defence. In the first round he shows one branch, in the second another, and so on."

"If you'll excuse me," said the other man, "pursued the captain. 'There are two of them, and it's a contest, sure enough.'"

"If I was I don't remember it," said the accused dentist.

Captain McClusky showed Kennedy the lead pipe bludgeon. "Did you hear this with you on the night of the murder?"

"If I did I have no recollection of it," said Kennedy.

"I spoke to Kennedy about the stain," said Captain McClusky. "He said that if there was a stain it must have been made by a key chain. It is true that he had a key chain."

Bits of Metal Match the Bludgeon.

At this stage came the strongest link in the circumstantial chain, which the prosecution says connects Dr. Kennedy with the murder of Dolie Reynolds. Detective Carey identified two bits of metal, which he swore he had found in the basement of Dr. Kennedy's house at New Dorp, a basement containing a work bench with a blacksmith's vise attached, and numerous tools with which things of wood and metal may be fashioned. One bit was an iron rod about four feet long and half an inch in diameter. The other was a short piece of lead pipe. They were admitted as evidence, to be interpreted as to their legal significance by other witnesses. Mr. McIntyre said of them after adjournment:

"We shall show that the iron found in Dr. Kennedy's house is in quality and in diameter identical with that contained in the lead pipe bludgeon; not only that, the two ends show that they are of the same piece. The bit of lead pipe corresponds to that of which the bludgeon is made."

TROLLEY ENDANGERS FOUR.

Two Young Men, a Boy and a Girl Near Death.

Four persons narrowly escaped death yesterday afternoon by the Brooklyn trolley. The victims were James Reed, fifteen years old, of No. 28 Fleet place; Wallace Indwaker, twenty-three years old, of No. 102 Freshwick avenue; George Horger, aged ten, same address, and Loretta M. Burke, nine years old, of No. 301 South Fifth street.

Reed was on a furniture van with which a car collided at Myrtle avenue and Suydam street. He was badly bruised and received internal injuries.

Indwaker and the boy were in a wagon belonging to Indwaker's father. The horse was frightened by the clanging of a trolley car's going and ran away. At Freshwick and Freshwick avenues the horse ran into a car filled with passengers, who were panic-stricken by the crash. Indwaker sustained a compound fracture of the right leg, and Horger fractured his right wrist. Both were taken to St. Catherine's Hospital.

Loretta Burke was sent by her mother on an errand. While crossing Freshwick avenue, at South Fourth and Koop streets, she was run down by a car in charge of Motorman Thomas Egbert. The fender caught her, but she bounced out. The car was stopped just as the wheels touched her. She was scarcely hurt at all.

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Mr. Croker Suggests That Late Applicants Arrange Other Jefferson Feasts.

"THE MORE THE BETTER."

Nearly Ten Hundred Must Take Chances on the Auction Sale of Boxes.

BIG DEMOCRATS WILL BE THERE.

J. Brisben Walker, as Bryan's Personal Representative, Talks to Wrangling \$1 Dinners and the War Is Over.

The Democratic Club's Thomas Jefferson banquet is to be a record breaker. So overwhelming has been the demand for seats at table that nearly one thousand Democrats have had to be told that it will be simply impossible to accommodate them on the floor of the Metropolitan Opera House. Therefore they must take their chances when the boxes are offered at auction sale on April 6.

Chairman Richard Croker of the Committee on Invitations and Speakers was over-run with applications for places anywhere in the vast auditorium yesterday, but he had to tell everybody that, no matter what they offered, the one thousand seats already engaged at table would be held for those who had applied for them first. He wished that the Metropolitan Opera House might be enlarged, but that cannot be done satisfactorily before the date for the dinner arrives.

"I hope," said Mr. Croker, "that all the dinners that can possibly be arranged in honor of Thomas Jefferson will be held. I regret that we cannot make room for more at our banquet, but we are helpless. Let everybody that can attend some dinner; the more the better."

The Expected Guests.

Chairman Croker was as persistent as ever in declining to furnish a list of the invited guests and speakers, repeating his statement that it could not be learned until the date of the dinner. It seemed, however, that the list would include, besides President B. Belmont, who is to preside, there will be at the guests' or other tables, Richard Croker, William C. W. W. D. S. Lamont, Richard Olney, J. C. Carlisle, Senator Edward Murphy, Mayor Van Wyck, President Guggenheimer, of the Municipal Council, John A. Carroll, Roswell Flower, William F. Sheelan, Chairman Frank Campbell, of the Democratic State Committee, and nearly every member of the Democratic State Executive Committee; Augustus Van Wyck and Elliot Danforth Arthur P. Goins, of Maryland, who has been asked to deliver an address, the toast not yet having been assigned; Senator Thomas F. Grady, George M. Palmer, Democratic leader of the Assembly, Mayor Charles F. Smith, of Buffalo; Mayor Van Alstyne, of Albany; Mayor Francis J. Molloy, of Troy, and Mayor James F. McGuire, of Syracuse.

J. BRISBEN WALKER PUTS \$1 DINERS AT PEACE.

Is Bryan's Personal Representative, and His Talk to Wrangling Committeemen Calms Them.

A new character has appeared in the merry drama of the \$1 dinner. The plot had become so involved and the action so intense that, in order to bring the play to a successful denouement, a leading actor was needed to occupy the stage for a time while the rest of the company rested their nerves.

The new part is taken by J. Brisben Walker, of Irvington and New York, editor of the Cosmopolitan and friend of J. Bryan. Among his many tumultuous speeches made at the Sunday night meeting was one by Eugene V. Brewster, in which he referred mysteriously to a "personal friend and representative of Mr. Bryan, but whose name I cannot divulge," who had been consulted by the sub-committee of arrangements.

Mr. Brewster added that Mr. Walker had been consulted in confidence by the committee, "which had a high regard for his ability."

But a good many things, it is pointed out, would seem to indicate that Mr. Walker is a good deal more than a mere well-spring of good advice on the subject of dinners. He is Mr. Bryan's personal representative, and is authorized to speak for him. Inasmuch as the dinner is to be given for Mr. Bryan, it is quite natural that his ideas on the subject should hold the key to the situation.

Mr. Walker spends most of his time in Irvington. Yesterday morning he came to town and went at once to his office at No. 1122 Broadway. From there he sent word to the sub-committee at its headquarters, No. 91 Centre street, that he wanted to see its members immediately.

The entire committee responded by calling on Mr. Walker at 4 p. m. The members had spent the entire morning in continuing the wrangling of the night previous. Secretary D. B. Van Vleet had some words with Mr. Brewster, and they were not on speaking terms. Chairman Boulton was full of suppressed wrath against Mr. Brewster, and Mr. Brewster had all sorts of stories to tell about Mr. Boulton. The project of the \$1 dinner was at the lowest ebb it had thus far reached in its career when the committee entered Mr. Walker's office. Just what was the character of the war, Walker brought peace to the troubled waters is not known.

Stuck to His Story.

When Smith had heard his story he was of the opinion that Burke had fabricated it in order to secure a mitigation of his sentence. He questioned the lad closely, but Burke stuck to the main details of his narrative.

He told the detective he had been led to make a clean breast of the matter because his conscience gave him no rest. The substance of Burke's narrative is as follows:

On the evening of September 9, a very hot day, Burke was roaming in the woods in the vicinity of Hillside avenue, Stapleton. It was a habit of his, he said, to beat about the woods. The people in that neighborhood had named him "the wood runner."

When he came to a dense thicket on Grimes's hill his attention was attracted by voices raised in angry altercation. He crawled near the spot whence the sounds came and saw a man and a woman talking excitedly.

The woman was young and well dressed. He was not close enough to hear what they were saying, but he saw that the woman was crying.

Saw Murder Committed.

Suddenly the woman turned as if to go. As she did so the man drew a revolver from the pocket of his coat and shot her through the head.

Burke said he was so frightened he did not wait to see if she was dead, but turned and ran. He could not remember whether any more shots were fired. The next thing he knew was that he was being pursued. He doubted his exertions to get away, but his pursuer was faster than he, and in an instant had seized him by the collar and thrown him heavily.

"If you move of cry out you're a dead man," said the pursuer, and Burke lay still.

After assuring himself that the coast was clear Burke's captor jerked him roughly to his feet, and again enjoining silence, marched him rapidly through the thicket, with which he secured thoroughly familiar to a by-path where a horse and buggy drawn into the shelter of some trees were in wait.

"The man rode Burke until the horse, which he did, and then ordered him to get into the buggy. The stranger then got in himself and took the reins.

"Now," said he, "I've a good mind to kill you right now, and if you cry out or attempt to escape I'll be as good as my word. I'll drive along a bit and think the matter over."

"The man had a fast horse and the scene of the murder was speedily left behind. When they had driven some time in silence the man said:

"If you ever tell a soul what you have seen this night, I or my friends will get you sure. You want to forget it. Do you think you can forget it, young fellow?"

Burke assured the stranger that he could forget it, and also told him things about his own lawless career, which materially changed the murderer's attitude toward him. When the man found that Burke had done a few jobs himself he treated him more kindly, and even went so far as to say there was money in it if the boy could keep his mouth shut.

BOY REVEALS A HIDDEN MURDER.

Burke Declares He Saw Anna Sullivan Killed in Staten Island Woods.

New light has been thrown upon the mystery of the death of Miss Anna V. Sullivan, the young woman found dead in Grimes's Woods, Staten Island, last September, by Joseph Burke, a seventeen-year-old lad who was committed to the Elmira Reformatory on Friday last on several charges of burglary.

It will be recalled that the body of Miss Sullivan was found on September 14. It had evidently been in the woods for several days. The discovery of a revolver with several chambers empty beside the body gave rise to the theory that the young woman committed suicide, and a coroner's jury brought in a verdict to that effect.

If the story told by young Burke is true, however, the girl was murdered.

Burke says he saw Miss Sullivan in excited conversation with a man in Grimes's Woods on the evening of September 9. In the midst of the discussion the man suddenly raised a revolver and shot the woman through the head.

Police Are at Work.

Burke has made a sworn statement of what he saw in the woods on the fatal night, and this statement is now in the hands of the Staten Island police, who are working on the case. The police have also appointed District-Attorney Edward S. Rawson, of Richmond County, with the story told by Burke, and Mr. Rawson is assisting in the investigation. Mr. Rawson said yesterday that the confession of Burke was in his possession, but in the hands of the police, who wished to verify it before making it public.

Joseph Burke is a young fellow, who, in company with Charles Johnson, a lad of about his own age, committed a series of robberies and burglaries in the vicinity of Clifton, for which the pair were arrested last December and committed to the Richmond County Jail. Just before his trial Burke sent for Detective John P. Smith, saying he had a communication of importance to make.

He kept the appointment the next week, meeting the man in the saloon designed and receiving a small sum of money, some drinks and a fresh coat. Thereafter he met the man every week in the same place until his arrest. On one occasion, he said, some one told him that the man's name was Johnson.

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